

Richard Farrell, Concert Pianist, Heads UTJC Schedule of Concert Programs

Miss Fulton has announced the schedule of concert programs for the coming year. They are:
November 17—Richard Farrell, Pianist.
January 30—The Ionian Singers, Male Quartet.
March 24—Frances Boyd, Contralto.
May 4—Harp Trio—Harp, Violin, Cello.

Season tickets are priced at \$2.50 for adults, \$1.25 for students; students of UTJC will be admitted on their Student Activity cards. Price for individual concerts are \$1.00 for adults, 50c for students (tax included).

Following is the story of Richard Farrell, the concert pianist for November 17, and a native of Australia.

When Richard Farrell, at the age of 21, made his American debut at Carnegie Hall Oct. 16, 1948, he began a career which, accord-



Mr. Farrell

ing to the best musical authorities, will take the young New Zealand pianist to the top of his profession. In the words of the New York Times, "Richard Farrell will go places."

Richard Farrell first attracted serious attention at seventeen by winning first prize in the Australian Broadcasting Commission's "Concerto and Vocal Contest" in 1944. His award was an appearance with the Sydney Symphony in the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto after which the press hailed his playing as "brilliant" and "definitely adult."

Born in Wellington, New Zealand, Dec. 30, 1926, Richard Farrell is the only musician in his family. But his talent was apparent, and encouraged, at a very early age. When he was four he appeared on the radio; at seven he was piano soloist with orchestra; a short time after he composed a lament on the death of Archbishop Redwood of New Zealand!

By the time he had won the Australian Broadcasting Commission prize—after which he was engaged by the A.B.C. for a tour of Australia—he had come to the attention of a number of distinguished musical visitors, among them Arthur Rubinstein, Richard Tauber and Eugene Ormandy. All were loud in their praise of him.

But it remained for a young but already famous American pianist to bring Farrell to this country. It was the summer of 1945. Twenty-three-year-old William Kapell, then on his first Australian tour, met 18-year Richard Farrell and, hearing his younger colleague play, was filled with enthusiasm and plans for him. With characteristic impetuosity and generosity he cabled his teacher, Olga Samaroff, to urge a scholarship for Richard to study under her at the Juilliard Graduate School. When the time came for Willy to sail back to the United States, Richard came with him. Once in New York, Farrell won the coveted scholarship and had the great personal and musical good fortune to work under Mme. Samaroff until her death in May, 1948.

Assembly Programs For The Fall Quarter

October 25—Dr. H. H. Boston and Dr. A. B. White
November 1—(undisclosed)
November 8—The Alexander Trio
November 15—Dr. James W. Sargent
November 17—Concert program, Mr. Farrell, Pianist, 8 p.m.
November 22—Student Christian Association and College Chorus
November 29—(undisclosed)
December 6—(undisclosed)
December 9—Concert program, The Christmas Story in Song, College Chorus, 8 p.m.
December 13—E. L. McCall, Animals.

Faculty Women's Club Honors New Members

At a tea in the home economics building Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 11, the Faculty Women's Club honored new members Mrs. Henry T. Waddell and Mrs. Carrie B. Sharp.

Refreshments were served from a tea table decorated with fall flowers. Mrs. Paul Meek poured and Mrs. H. A. Patterson served. Mrs. Glen Sadler, president of the club, welcomed the new members and Mrs. Joe Alexander announced the committees appointed to take charge of the coming meetings.

The club's activities this year will include a gala dinner party for members and husbands during the winter quarter and a luncheon meeting in the spring.

Navy May Install Radio Station On College Campus

Lieutenant Commander John Atkins, Jr., a member of the faculty, recently returned from Charleston, S. C., where he completed a two week period of training with the Director of Training, Sixth Naval District. Mr. Atkins reports that the purpose of his training was to give him a bird's eye view of the operation of the Sixth Naval District Headquarters, which includes some training in electronics, communications, a study of Naval Procurement methods, various training aids used in training Navy personnel, the classification of officer and enlisted personnel, visits to the "moth ball" fleet, NRTC Charleston, VEWP Mt. Pleasant, and numerous other visits inside the Naval Base.

Mr. Atkins states that the Commandant, Sixth Naval District, is very anxious to establish a Navy Radio Station in Martin, preferably on the Junior College campus. It would be manned by a Volunteer Electronic Warfare Platoon of Naval Reservists. The mission of such an establishment would be to train Reserve personnel in CIC, ASW, Communications, Electronics (technical), as well as electronics related to such subjects as guided missiles, infra-red and nuclear physics.

This Electronic Warfare Platoon would receive radio equipment and sufficient laboratory electronic equipment and publications to provide basic training for communication officers and radio-men and supporting electronic (technical) officers and electronic technicians' mates. The normal complement would be one officer and nine enlisted men; however, more officers and men of the same or other classifications and rates may associate themselves with such a unit for drill credit toward retirement.

The facilities provided by such an establishment will provide an unusually good opportunity to learn something about radio and electronics. Any faculty member or student who is interested in such a program should see Mr. Atkins for the details.

—Fireball.



Above: Latest styles are modeled at Home Ec. Fashion Show by Norma Jean Pettigrew, Betty Reynolds, Henrietta Nowell, and Winnie Sneed.

Home Ec Fashion Show Packs 'Em In; (Boys Included)

The fashion show sponsored by the Home Ec. Club was a rousing success. The girls turned out en masse and many a masculine head was also to be seen. The girls had done a fine job of decorating the stage so that it formed a lovely background for a group of models just as lovely. Several bouquets of flowers from the Martin Florist Shop and St. Charles Florist added a finishing touch. Lucy Vise provided appropriate background music on the organ furnished by the Winstead-Murphy Funeral Home. Clothes (including dresses, jacket, and a flannel nightie) were from McCall Pattern Company, and from Guttman's, Shatz, Robbie Ray, and Merry Lee of Martin. Clothes from the Martin stores were decidedly as fashionable as those from the famous pattern house.

A short, humorous and educational skit on "To Glove or Not to Glove" was presented before the fashion show. In this, women were shown in some of the predicaments such knowledge (or lack of) may get them. Included were: "Wedding guest," "Dinner with the boss," and several others. Those participating in this skit were:

Commentator, Marion Harwell, Rutherford; Ella Mae Clift, Newbern; Henrietta Walters, Paris; Mary Katherine Moss, Nashville; Thelma Wade, Paris; Louise Hurt, Mason Hall; Nancy Naylor, Finger; Charlene Perkins, Adamsville; Janice Cude, Rives; Martha Mitchell, Huntingdon.

The commentary for the fashion show was written by Henrietta Nowell, who also acted as commentator. Fashions shown included street dresses, date and casual dresses, formals, and one flannel nightie which was preserved for posterity by frosh Bill Taylor. Many of the dresses provoked admiring whistles from the males as did the girls themselves as they showed the needed abilities to pause, pose, and prquette.

Models were: Peggy Evans of Lexington; Sarah Lou Stone, Union City; Winnie Sneed, McKenzie; Elinor Overton, Brownsville; Mary Johnson, Trezevant; Betty Reynolds, Savannah; Betty Davis, Paris; Ann Lee, Martin; Norma Pettigrew, Sharon; Patricia Smith, Martin; Betty Underhill, Martin; Judy Thompson, Paris.

Martin Choral Club Announces All American Music Program, Nov. 8

The Martin Choral Club will sponsor an "All American" music program Tuesday night, November 8, at the U.T.J.C. Gym.

The Musical program will consist of "Folk Songs," "Light Opera Songs," "Art Songs," and "Specials."

The four folk songs to be presented are: "Listen to the Lambs," a religious characteristic in the form of an anthem; A Fred Waring choral arrangement of "Red River Valley," "The Musical Trust," a kind of a "Turkey in the Straw," number written by David Stevens and Joseph W. Clokey; and the wonderful Stephen Foster melody, "Beautiful Dreamer."

The Martin Chorus will then offer four delightful and heart warming light opera pieces taken from different popular light operas. Listed as they shall be given, they are: Victor Herbert's beloved and beautiful "Thine Alone" from "Eileen," "Great Day" from the opera of the same name, then a beautiful and entrancing love song from the "Student Prince," entitled "Deep in My Heart, Dear" by the incomparable Sigmund Romberg and the last of the light opera numbers to be given is "The Donkey Serenade," telling of a lover dejectedly promising to sing to the mule because he has been rejected by his love.

The third portion of the program will be made up of three art songs. They are: "Morning" by Oley Speaks, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water," by Charles Cadman and Nello Eberhart and lastly, the all inspiring "America."

Also included in the program will be a number of "Specials" consisting of a baritone solo by our own Glen Sadler, a soprano solo by Miss Harriet Fulton, and a number by the women's sextet.

The Martin Choral Club is made up almost completely of residents of Martin, with the exception of a few U.T.J.C. faculty and student members. They have chosen an "All American" composer program and they extend to each and every student and faculty member at the Junior College a cordial invitation to be present Tuesday night, November 8, at the U.T.J.C. Gym.—Ruth Guthrie

Man's Eye View Of Fashion Show

I am supposed to give the masculine view of the Home Ec fashion show. This will be a somewhat long ranged view. I sat in the very back row. Also, I am writing this with my gloves on.

After seeing all Mrs. Biglow's (portrayed by Janice Cude) troubles, I am afraid to pull them off. Seriously, I think they did a very fine job. I doubt if prospective buyers would conduct themselves quite as did our special wolf cheering section. (Ed. comment—the buyers were interested in the dress, the wolves, what was in the dresses.)

Who wants to be serious? I got disappointed. I thought they were going to model play suits too. Have to bring suit for misrepresentation, for I distinctly remember seeing a play suit on their advertisement.

My only comment, "Pretty girls and pretty dresses." I might tell each of them privately that she looked nice, but I don't think it would be good diplomacy to do so in the paper. I might want to date one of the others sometime. (I thought the young lady in the black velvet dress was most outstanding, as did several other of the so-called wolves.—Ed.)

—John McKnight

consisting of a baritone solo by our own Glen Sadler, a soprano solo by Miss Harriet Fulton, and a number by the women's sextet.

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"YOUR IDEAL MAN"

Your ideal man as selected by the recent poll is striking in appearance. He stands around 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, has blue eyes, is of average build, and is from 19-20 years of age.

The general idea of his personality, individual characteristics, and every-day wear was so close as far as the boys and the girls were concerned that I have quoted a few statistics below.

"Personality"		Boys' Vote		Girls' Vote	
Don Juan	20		18	
Lil' Abner	21		9	
"Individual Characteristics"		Boys' Vote		Girls' Vote	
Aggressive	35		17	
Cultural	25		19	
Sweet	9		30	

Look up the walk. See that tall, rather striking young man dressed in sport shirt, blue-jeans and moccasins coming toward you? He is YOUR IDEAL MAN! He is the kind of a fellow you'll see on the tennis courts on Saturday, or in a mid-night bull session after that all-important date. While on his date, he conducted himself as a gentleman, but yet retained enough of his aggressiveness to be the kind of "Don Juan" most girls appreciate. Though he has many cultural interests, he enjoys a session of cards or a game of pool and an occasional brew. He is as moderate in his guzzling as he is in his studying.

The ideal man lives up to the expectations of the girls in that he is kind and considerate towards them always, but is tender and as one girl put it, "Take, talk and kiss good-night." From the comments of the greater part of the men and over half of the girls, it seems as if this kissing should be multiplied.—AMEN!

While tabulating the poll I noted that there was some difficulty for the men to decide upon what footwear they preferred. Some of them even omitted any choice, so look around you 'chillum,' YOU MAY SEE A few bare feet boys!! One boy filled in, "What in the Hell are dress slippers?"

—Ralph Guthrie

Plans For Coming Year Announced at Retreat

At the annual Retreat, held this year at the Gilbertsville Dam, the club organizations announced their plans and activities for the coming year. These plans should result in a year of varied and enjoyable events for the student body.

An Eye-View Of The Retreat

The group that were to go on retreat gathered in front of the Administration Building. Some of the young ladies looked as though, from the baggage they were carrying, they were off for a week's vacation.

Roll was called and the bus loaded. The remainder of the students were distributed among the several cars that were going. Mr. Chenette, Mr. Wishart, three other students, and I clambered into Mr. Chenette's high-souped Pontiac.

We steamed out from in front of the Administration Building about 1 p.m. The trip was uneventful except for comments on different football games.

We dropped anchor in front of the Central Lodge at 2:30 p.m., and the bus rolled up about an hour later. After the bus had been reparked a few score times, the somewhat jolted students got their feet back on good solid ground.

We were on our own till 5 p.m. Most of the students went down to visit the great Kentucky Dam. That is a very remarkable sight. If I had one of those generators on my old "Jitney" maybe I would not have to feel my way home at night. I would possibly have to retrace the tires to carry the added load.

Dinner was served from 5 till 6 p.m. Everyone seemed to be there on time. Some of the students were almost ready to start on the woodwork before their dinner was finally served. The gent on my left did not get a rare steak. He got a steak that was not quite through kicking. Dinner over, we gathered in the Auditorium for the business of the evening.

Mr. Knepp addressed the group. He gave us a very good talk on club activities. He even mentioned assembly programs. I will see you there.

Club Officers and Sponsors retired to work out a program for each of the clubs for the year. After a couple of hours, and an intermission, the group reassembled and gave their reports. Then the business meeting broke up and the fun began.

Someone tells me some of our students have Indian blood. Has anyone seen my blanket?

—John McKnight

Social Regulations Announced By Women's Dormitories

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings are designated as week-end date periods. Freshmen may make social engagements on week-end evenings and may substitute one week-end evening for a mid-week date. Young men may visit in the living room of the residence hall from 6:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. on week days and 3:00 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. on Sunday, and on date nights until 10:15 p.m. All students are to be in by 10:15 p.m., Saturday night 11:00 p.m. Students attending college functions that may continue later than 10:15 p.m. are to be in the halls not later than 15 minutes after the close of the function. Studying together of boys and girls is not permitted in residence halls.

For returning to the hall after the closing hours without permission, loss of dates shall be as follows: one date shall be lost for each five minutes late; for being 25 to 30 minutes late a girl shall be under discipline one week and lose all social privileges.

—Barbara Curtis

Three Alumin Make Alpha Zeta At Knoxville

Out of the nine Agriculture students at The University of Tennessee at Knoxville, three were UTJC alumni. They are Tom McCutchen, John Sanford Smith, and Herbert Massey, also Alpha Zeta cup winner at UTJC.

Everett Carroll, due to a mixup, failed to make this honor, but even so, he made Phi Kappa Phi, another high honor bestowed on students with a superior scholastic average.

Congratulations to these alumni for this fine representation of UTJC.

Promptly at 12:30 p.m. the students and faculty members assembled in front of the Administration Building. After the usual wait for the bus, everyone piled into the bus and cars and left. By 3:15 the entire group had arrived at Gilbertsville and were assigned rooms. The rest of the afternoon was spent going through the dam itself and listening to various football games. Supper started at 5:45 and as might be expected, everyone had a good appetite. As far as we could see, most of the group had catfish with trimmings. Those who didn't rather wished they had, from the comments heard afterward.

At 7 p.m. the entire group assembled in the auditorium which soon became somewhat warmer than it had been when it was empty. The meeting was called to order by Joe Sanford, president of the All Students Council, who called upon Calvin White for a few remarks on the purpose of the retreat. According to White, the Retreat has two main purposes: to outline the social activities for the coming year and to bring about a better understanding between the various campus organizations and their officers. Mr. Knepp was then called upon to explain the benefits obtained from the Retreat. Mr. Knepp said it was found that the clubs obtained better-balanced programs by working them out ahead of time. He expressed the hope that the clubs would do more than just put on a series of socials. He suggested the planning of programs that were educational as well as entertaining. This could best be done, he added, by having student participation in as many programs as possible. Mr. Knepp then gave his idea of the purposes of clubs, saying they stimulate the development of leadership and enable students of all curricula to get together, thereby promoting friendliness. He concluded by saying that the clubs should boost not only themselves but the school as a whole. The group then broke up into various small committees to formulate their programs for the coming year.

Following a brief intermission, the officers from the various clubs presented their reports for the coming year. Each club is planning a full schedule of activities throughout the year, some for members only but many others for the entire student body. Dates for these events were announced and will be printed by the Volette as soon as they are verified by the Social Committee. Several can be mentioned at this time, however. Among them are the V-J Day sponsored by the Sophomore Class and to be held November 5. An added feature of this day will be initiation of all ag. students. There will also be the usual contests and general fun for both students and faculty.

Other highlights for the coming quarter will be the Barnwarmin', sponsored by the Ag Club November 12, the Hobo Hop, sponsored by the Forum Club October 29, and a variety party on November 18, to be sponsored by the Freshman Class. A number of socials for clubs and their guests were also announced. Many groups had their club meetings worked out for the entire year; most clubs by their announcements indicate their desire to follow Mr. Knepp's suggestion of education and personal participation as well as entertainment.

Plans for the formation of two new clubs were also mentioned. These two clubs are to be the Future Business Club, to be affiliated with the national organization, and a Liberal Arts Club made up of persons majoring in that field. Both of these clubs should fill the needs of students in their respective fields.

Sunday morning an impressive sunrise program was conducted in the auditorium under the leadership of Larry Hoffius. The spiritual uplift of this program was a fitting climax to the entire Retreat. Following this, the group had breakfast and began the return trip to Martin. It is certain that the 50-odd students returned to the Junior College with a new and deeper understanding and ap-

(Continued on page 3)

THE VOLETTE

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EDITOR David Meek
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Winthrop Gutmann
BUSINESS MANAGER Janice Cude
ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER Ella Mae Clift
SPORTS EDITORS (Men), John Booth, Bobby Hughes
SPORTS EDITOR (Women) Genella Culver
FEATURE WRITERS: James Powell, Billie Sager, and
Henrietta Nowell
REPORTERS: John McKnight, Ralph Guthrie, Mary Ann
Grizzell, Barbara Curtis, Betty Pruitt, Frances Hurt,
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WHAT DO YOU THINK?

One of our most recent attempts to give you, the readers, a better paper was the Vquette poll held at the dining hall Monday at dinner. Some 108 people cooperated in giving their answers. This is only one-fourth of the entire student body.

We would like to have a larger percentage of you students to fill out these polls so as to make our articles more easily written and more interesting to you. So come on next time and fill out the poll!

How About It?

Many of us have wanted something but haven't been able to do anything about it. Things have changed now. Everyone who reads this article can do something about it.

Every year the Vquette is allotted so much for the purpose of publishing the paper in order that you—the students, and many other subscribers—may enjoy the efforts of the staff. But take away our allotment, which is insufficient to publish one paper, let alone the 14 issues we try to publish, and what have you got? Goose egg—exactly nothing. What do we do about it? We venture into Martin and the surrounding cities and take advertisements from the merchants of the stores. They are the ones who make it possible for us to remain in circulation. Did you ever stop to realize this? No circulation; no paper, and plenty of disappointed people.

So what do you say, folks. The facts are before you. Look into our paper; read the advertisements; support those who support us; they are all there, ready for your patronage, and, oh yes; the next time you do your trading, wherever it is, make it known you are from the college. I know many of the merchants don't realize we give them any trade—let's show them different. They are supporting us, let's support them.

OFF THE SHELF

"The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari of Finland, is a historical novel of Egypt a thousand years before Christ.

The story is told by Sinuhe, the pharaoh's physician. War, intrigue, murder, passion, love, combine to make this book one of powerful narrative pace coupled with human interest.

Reviewer's comment, material gathered by scanning, is simply WOW!

Of interest to: Anyone who enjoys a good juicy novel.

Have you ever wondered what the future holds in store for the human race? Did you ever try to analyze the present trends to socialism?

"Nineteen Eighty-Four" by Geo. Orwell takes you 30 years or so into the future to show you with great insight, how the trends of today have become the ways of tomorrow. The scene is set in London, and the socialism that prevails there today is only a mere skeleton to that of 1984.

Of interest to: Anyone who likes the combination of politics and a moving novel.

I've a Rendezvous With F

By LOST CAUSE

I've a rendezvous with F
At some disputed pencil mark,
Or with Botany Lab. and poplar bark.

I've a rendezvous with F
When finals loom upon this hill,
Or it may be I shall them still.
A little closer, Dear,
And whisper louder, I can't hear.

God knows it would be better to
be rid
Of all these books, and notes, and
gibb,
And pillowed in silk and scented
deep
Where professors' voices seldom
creep.

But I've a rendezvous with F
When spring trips north again
this year,
And finals fill my soul with fear,
I've a rendezvous with F
And I to my pledge word am
true:
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Mrs. Whitwell: "Where do bad
girls go, Peggy?"
Peggy: "Most everywhere, I
guess."

FACULTY PROFILE

MEET MR. SMITH

If you hear a really musical whistle around the campus, it is likely that of Mr. Horace B. Smith, Professor of History. Don't know just why the whistle is forthcoming, whether for happiness, preoccupation, working, or what—but there is not a note off-key. You could follow it through on a Sunday morning and find the whistle turned to a good, clear tenor at the Methodist Church, of which he is a member.

Mr. Smith is also the possessor of a well-indexed mind—a veritable store of knowledge—and the index never gets mixed up. All the knowledge does not have to do with his particular field, either. He is well versed on lots of things. But just ask him a question in his field . . . it is just as if he put out a mental finger and plucked the right answer from just the right niche in his orderly collection stored so neatly behind those merry brown eyes.

Mr. Smith was born in Brooklyn-Brooklyn, Arkansas, that is. He must have been a sprightly young fellow, for at the tender age of six weeks he traveled over to Trezevant, Tennessee, and there with his parents and six brothers and sisters grew up on a farm.

Mr. Smith finished both grade school and high school at Trezevant. He went to the University of Tennessee with the intention of taking degrees in liberal arts and in law. After securing the bachelor of arts degree he began to teach and never did go back to study law. For two years he taught English and French in the little town of Eagleview in Rutherford County. Then he went back to Trezevant and was a teacher and principal for seven years.

In 1937 Mr. Smith returned to the University of Tennessee on a teaching fellowship and received his master's degree in history in 1938. He went again to Trezevant for three more years of teaching, after which he moved to Bruceton, Tennessee, to serve as Superintendent of Schools.

Trezevant again called Mr. Smith and for two more years he was in private business there. Mr. Smith says the call of the schoolroom was too strong—really his "first love," and in February, 1946, he came to the University of Tennessee Junior College where he continues today. Mr. Smith has at times taught English, history, and economics at the Junior College.

While at U. T., Mr. Smith was a member of Phi Kappa Phi, honorary scholarship fraternity; Phi Delta Kappa, educational fraternity; and Sigma Upsilon, Campus Writers' Club.

Mr. Smith takes an active part in civic and church life in Martin. He teaches a class of young men at the Methodist Church Sunday School, sings in the choir, is President of the Lions Club, a member of the Martin Choral Club, and is most liberal with his time in special drives and calls for service. At the Junior College, Mr. Smith is busy with his teaching, work on committees, as sponsor and chaperone for campus clubs and student social activities, as well as at times taking part on radio programs either as the speaker himself or with his students as speakers under his guidance.

Anytime you see Mr. Smith he is moving along as if he had no time to lose, and yet he never seems to be too busy to smile at you and speak pleasantly.

Mr. Smith has three girls—his wife, Ruth, and two small daughters, Mary Alice and Peggy, who are just starting to school. An interesting family—who live just down the street south of Patterson Cottage.—Barbara Curtis

College Y.W.A. Meets

The college Y.W.A. met at the Baptist Church Wednesday night, October 19, with sixteen members present.

Dot Logan, president, presided during the business session. Dot reported that thirty-five girls attended the two prayer meetings held in Freeman Hall and Reed Hall.

The theme of the program was "Teaching and Healing." The countries discussed were Nigeria and China. Those taking part in the discussion were: June Traywick, Annie Sue Clift, Martha Belfamy, Joy Lovelace, Betty Neal, and Corrine Wadley. Jo Anne Griggs had charge of the devotional. The closing prayer was given by Mrs. H. H. Boston.

Officers of the Y.W.A. are, president, Dot Logan; vice-president, Betty Davis; secretary-treasurer, Ella Mae Clift; program chairman, Louise Hurt and Jo Anne Griggs; community chairman, Annie Sue Clift; literature and mission study, Jean Craig; stewardship chairman, Ella Mae Clift.

The next meeting will be on November 2.



JR. VOL CHEERLEADERS GO INTO ACTION
Drumming up crowd enthusiasm are Mary Duncan, Jane Marshall, Jean Stevens, Jimmy Nance, Janice Galloway, Ann Bass, and Arlene Reasons

RAMBLING THROUGH REED HALL

Psychology is a fit subject, but some of us are also fit subjects for psychological study. Living in Reed is one whom the psychology professor analyzed as having the mind of a ten-year old boy. We have been at a loss to understand this statement; this girl did nothing to call forth this judgment. Most of the students act just like she does; I don't think it is strange to jump at a teacher from behind the door as he walks unsuspectingly into the room. Then, to give that old "I've got ye, ye low down critter" speech with a vocal substitute for a real gun is decidedly normal. More formal than that is to suddenly burst out with a machine gun barrage right in the middle of class. We hear that this is an everyday procedure for a particular enthusiastic redhead in our dorm. There are a pair of these who haunt Mr. Hartung. Half-pint does her share to keep the class lively. In fact, Half-pint Nashville does her share all the time to keep us from developing solitude complexes what with the silence native to this our dorm.

What is this? Betty Beeler and her pet Peeve were demonstrating a most original version of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," the other evening. Betty Beeler was swinging high it looked to us. Joe, you muscle man you. To be able to hoist such a weight. Does Atlas know about this?

Every week-end the same thing. About Friday Joy Lovelace gets that glow which grows in proportion till time for her to go home. Houston had better watch that speed getting to Paris from Memphis. Joy, we know you are glad to see him, but a live Houston is of more interest don't you think?

Like fate, Perk came around to relieve us of 35 cents for the hayride. It would be cheap at thrice the price.

Tow Peggy we know are very interested in a black Ford. There used to be no friendliness between Nashville and Memphis, but Joy Dees decided to stop all that old stuff.

Some people always have to be different. Most of us wanted to ride in the back of the truck on the hayride. Martha Bellamy chose the cab of course.

Now listen, Rambo. We know what you think about Eddie; but let's have an Opinion about Bill. Hmmm?

Betty Hodges, it's hard work keeping up with you. Just who is it this week? We're scared to say because you'll cross us up more than likely.

You expect boys to fight, but you should have seen the battle royal at Reed the other night. It began in one room, progressed into the hall floor, rolled on into Betty Davis' abode where interested spectators gathered to watch Puryear and Paris slug it out. It all started about some boy from Grove (such things usually start about some boy) and came to such a climax that Mrs. Reed was standing in the room before anyone knew she was around. It seems the noise could be heard somewhat on the lower floor; it seems the noise could

Delta Phi Delta Entertains

The Delta Phi Delta and their guests were entertained Saturday night, October 8, with a scavenger hunt.

The group started on their hunt at 7:30 and at the end, candy was awarded to the winners. Refreshments of hot dogs, cold drinks and cookies were served.

After refreshments, a treasure hunt was carried on throughout the gym. A bushel of apples was the treasure; so everyone enjoyed eating apples.

Games were enjoyed—a birthday contest, cards, table tennis, and dancing.

Mr. Wishart, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Massey and Mrs. Freeman were chaperones

have been heard farther because she said we were likely to disturb our professors in the faculty apartments across the way. The moral of the story is directed to you, Jackie Hill. Do not bring any Grove newspapers back to college with you if you don't expect them to get read and commented on.

Studying poultry husbandry does odd things sometimes. The poor Home Ec girls are getting complexed. You know how people forced to live without human society develop the traits of animals. (Thank you Mr. Phillips for your enlightening lecture). Some of our girls emit strange noises after a session with the chickens. As long as you're awake when it begins, you have some control. The sudden emittance of these weird sounds when you are asleep drags the nerves across a buzz saw. Puleeze, Elinor and Jane Catron, control yourselves or go and get psychoanalyzed. Maybe wheateas would help. Ask Dr. Christian.

We have heard that Walter Kinnard has lots of Personality. Was it you who told us that, Gannella?

Wilma Stowe and James Barker are congenial, don't you think. Nine girls from Reed go to retreat this week-end. Jean Lott, Jackie Hill, Martha Hill, Winnie Snead, Perk, Ann Culbertson, Gannella Culver, Wilma Stowe, and Billie Sager.

It is really interesting to visit the rooms and hear about the subjects of the pictures so prominently. June Steele and Rachel Fly will do for illustrations of the case.

Ann Webb why is it your eyes blink when you see Calvin? Let's see, I believe you said . . .

TRAILER CAMP NUT GROVE

My apologies for introducing ourselves at such a late date, but everyone seems to be in the same pickle as myself. We are carrying such a load that we have not had time enough to get together and decide who we are or why.

There are only nine trailers left in the camp now or rather ten counting my own (yes, I was silly enough to actually buy one). Since my trailer stands out like a sore toe; mine being a dark green—the others a dull gray. I will introduce myself first. I am Jack Joyner; other members of my family include my wife, Dot, and son, Ronnie. Among our neighbors are the Bernard Silversteins; the Graham McClearens and son, Joe Edward; the Wallace Blackburns; the Dick Johnstons and daughter, Barbara Jean; the Bob by Holmans; the Billy Cates and son, Billy Lee; the Russell Regins; the Billy Halls and son, Mitchell Tom Mills and mother. Tom is our night watchman.

Among our neighbors in the apartments are the Henry Jameses; the Clay Knights; the David Joneses and daughter, Mary Ann; the Joe Wards; the John Williams and son, Carl Neal; the Charles Banes and daughter, Joy; the Doyle Harrisons and daughter, Glenda. Doyle works at our gymnasium and attends mechanics school at night.

Among our "undergraduate" neighbors are Mr. James Harbison, M.S., Mr. Glen Sadler, M.A., and Mr. Paul Wishart, M.S. Of course we have to lend a hand occasionally to help them with their various problems, but they seem to do very well considering their "undergraduate" status. Seriously, they are wonderful neighbors. Other members of their families are Mrs. Harbison and son, Ronnie, and daughter, Judy; Mrs. Sadler and son, Glenzie; and Mr. Wishart's son, Al.

Everything is very quiet except for everyone gathering hickory-nuts. If you wonder what's so unusual about this I'll tell you, we eat 'em brother, all winter.

—Jack Joyner.

SNOOPING AROUND TOWN

Greetings all you scholars and sufferers! How's every little thing? Well, here we are again with some of the news from Martin.

Guess who Gene (Casanova) Byars has been sporting around this week? Ann Culbertson, no less. Gene really has a time for himself, but it looks as if all the inhabitants of the Dodd house are not so happy. Joe Gibbs, do you sleep lately or is Ray Coats still giving all night "lectures" or Alaska? Harold Haley, why don't you come out from behind Gene Byars and do a little talking for yourself?

Ann Martin was a gay little girl last weekend. Seems as though she can always smile sweeter when a certain male from Charleston is here, namely Bill Jones. And Millicent McDoo never gets lonely. Whenever THE MAN isn't around you can always hear her singing "Danny Boy." Maybe we should start calling Frances Hurt "Dutchess" because she's been seeing Duke quite a bit lately. Mary Ann Kendall has been receiving a lot of literature from Knoxville. The material could be called education, it's all in the way you look at it. Jackie Smith went back into the mining business lately. After a brief "strike" we hear she is still looking for Copper. (Copper White, that is.)

Carol Blake really goes for these Saturday night movies, especially when Eddie Dean, the singing cowboy, is playing. Frances Anderson, do you like chemistry or is it "Charles-istry?" Nan Fedulla seems to be getting along all right with Mr. Foy. Keep it up, Nan, Mercurys with men attached are hard to find. Melvin Smith seems to have made quite a hit when he came cruising up in that "little" Chrysler.

Keith Veltman has a new version of "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean." What about it, Bonny Butler, or had you rather see Gerald and we don't mean McGill.

Don Fisher, you don't seem to appreciate the women drivers from Bolivar. Oh well, I'd hate for my car to look as if a door had been slammed in its face, too. Attention Oxford Street: If you wake up in the morning and think the world is coming to an end, go back to sleep. It's just Turner and his machine making eight o'clock class.

Billy Kirkpatrick, when was the last time you were shot at? We'll be around Halloween night with our shotgun. (Just like old times, huh?) Bob Ammons, we're glad to have you back at school. What was the matter? Does that Martin woman affect you like this? We hear that Aaron Richardson has a pet. She, the pet, seems to like the hills around Knoxville and answers to the name of Kitty. By the way, if you hear loud noises going down Oakland Street, don't be alarmed. It's just Benny Corley and his size eleven going home. Brashear, have you been hypnotized lately?

The Edmonson car has been seen around Freeman Hall. What's the matter, John, is it Dot Logan

VOLETTE HAS NEW OFFICE

The Vquette has acquired recently a new office adjoining the office of Mr. Chenette. Equipment to date consists of one dilapidated typewriter, now having its insides shaken for the good of this article, one desk, several chairs of varying descriptions and degrees of comfort, and numerous shelves and bookcases catching the ever-present dust.

Although the decorations of the office would in all probability fail any Home Ec girl in her respective art class, the fact that this increases stonping surface of the Vquette office by almost twice is a forewarning to all you freshmen who have a tendency to get lost.

The view from the window of aforementioned office includes a glamorous view of the back end of—the heating plant. Some little terrors called children in more placid moments whisk back and forth with all the energy of a freshman phys ed. class.

As the time for publication rolls around, a veritable path is worn to the doors of this office with the embryonic article of the forthcoming issue. If you have wondered why Mr. Chenette's hair is taking on a tinge of gray, come around some Saturday and see the late reporters sneak into the office and lay their sacrifices on the table.

Aside from regulating the flow of words into the paper, the real job comes on P-day, printing day to you. Everyone loses all his literary and artistic sense and goes muttering about "lines" and more "lines."

Perhaps on Tuesday night after the paper is out the walls of the Vquette grow quiet and rest from the arduous ordeal which the last week has inflicted and reminiscence about the days when it used to be part of the assembly room and only had this tumultuous noise once a week. Our king typewriter, for they are truly Royal, relax from their habitual beating and reminiscence too about days gone by. How many lines have come from the maw of each of the typewriters is the question that is probably discussed.

There is a lapse in this fairy conversation, for the night watchman makes his round, prying into the corners with his beacon of suspicion.

As the last echo dies from this intrusion, peace falls over the office. The office is asleep and so is your writer, who wonders in his last conscious moments whether the reader too will seek a rendezvous with Morpheus after this article.—Van Mathis

or is the housing problem as bad as all that?

Well, that's all for this time. So long, suckers, see you in a wrap-per.

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First, They Steal Our Name -- NOW They Steal Our Clothes -- WO-MAN

The other day we were reading our "suburban competitor," the Commercial Appeal and were much intrigued by an article on the growing preference women seem to have for men's clothing—in the Appeal, it was for men's pajamas. This article only confirmed our own private belief of long standing that this is less and less a man's world, or should we say that soon there will be only one gender: masculine, made up of those of us who thought we were; and by those who each day become more certain that they are, the so-called weaker sex.

This day has been coming for centuries, and we suppose the men have only themselves to blame for certainly they have yielded meekly enough. Men have been the originators of everything; yet how few of those original prerogatives does the poor man retain today? The only one the women have let us keep is the "privilege" of paying the bills. As long as they are taking the others from us, why not this one too?

The very first usurpation the ladies took is our name. First came man and then his lovely counterpart; but did she want an original name? Not at all. Instead she added two letters in front and called herself "woman." Did any of us men understand the significance of this? WOMAN—WO-MAN—WOE-MAN. Trouble to man! They warned us right at the start.

Then look at the once-cherished prerogatives men once had; now the women have taken them over so completely they are now con-

sidered taboo to the males who first originated and sued them. Back in the "good old days" men wore skirts and bossed the house besides. Not only that, but men were the first to shorten their skirts; and so in the time of Caesar, men showed their knees while women's skirts swept the ground. Finally only women wore skirts (except in Scotland and Greece), but it was not until the gay 20's that women's skirts got up to anywhere near where the men wore them in 50 B.C.

Men too were the first to wear ruffles and frills, but the women soon shoved them out. Then the men began powdering their hair and wearing it in a "page-boy." This too the women usurped for their own. Another first for the men was the wearing of silk stockings, it being a matter of record that George Washington took much pride in his "leg." Here too the men lost out, and I guess even they approve of it.

And so it has gone until now there is hardly a thing man can call his own. Women even have gone so far as to hint that they are really the "stronger" sex. Why, we have even seen the girls offer men their seats in street cars, and that they have relegated the poor male to the kitchen as dishwasher, etc., almost all husbands can attest. Now we have women in politics and even agitating that a woman be elected as President of the United States. Shades of Andrew Jackson.

Some brave men in France last week decided things had gone far enough; so the next day they paraded to the beaches adorned in women's dresses. But only once. The women of the town rammed thru an ordinance forbidding this but at the same time affirming women's right to appear in public bedecked in man's clothing. WOMAN—WOE TO MAN.

ME? Pardon me, but I have to hurry home, vacuum the rugs, wash the dishes, wax the floor, and do the ironing so the little woman can go to the football game while I baby-sit. Yes, dear, I'm coming. A man's world? Bah!

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

The first regular assembly was held October 11, 1949, at 1:00 p.m.

Surprising as it may seem, the seats were well filled. I attended most of the assemblies last year and this was the largest crowd I have seen at any assembly. I think it is still quite ethical to give a lady your seat, but you had better be sure she will stay put and not go wandering off leaving the seat vacant.

There was a general scramble for seats. They were somewhat dislocated from last time. This may not help anyone, but the seats are in numerical order all the way across the Gym.

Dr. Peacock, Vice-dean of the School of Agriculture, University of Tennessee, was the guest speaker. We were very glad to have him with us. He talked about our aims and ambitions in life. This talk was very well in order, especially for the freshmen. They are starting a big step forward in their future. I imagine most of the sophomores can stand a little encouragement about this time too.

There were forty-four empty seats at assembly. A list of the names of these students have been turned over to Mr. Meek for "Execution."

A number of people have not filled out Directory Cards. Somebody must have missed Directory Assembly too. These cards are very important. They are used to locate the student at any time of the day. As Mrs. Phillips pointed out, this is not always bad. There are times when a student might wish to be located. Telephone calls, messages, and other communications cannot be delivered unless the different offices know where to find you.

Orchids to the Safety Committee for their program of October 19. You think orchids are a little too good; O. K. how about roses. Oh, all right, make it sunflowers, but that was a good program, and one that each of us should give a great deal of thought. Fire was the theme of the program.

Last Wednesday, I saw fire give a gentleman several bad moments. There is a touch of grim humor in this story. The gentleman was a nambulance driver, and his machine caught fire. This incident happened near Greenfield. The fire was brought under control with a fire extinguisher; the thing really worked; it was borrowed from a truck that arrived on the scene.

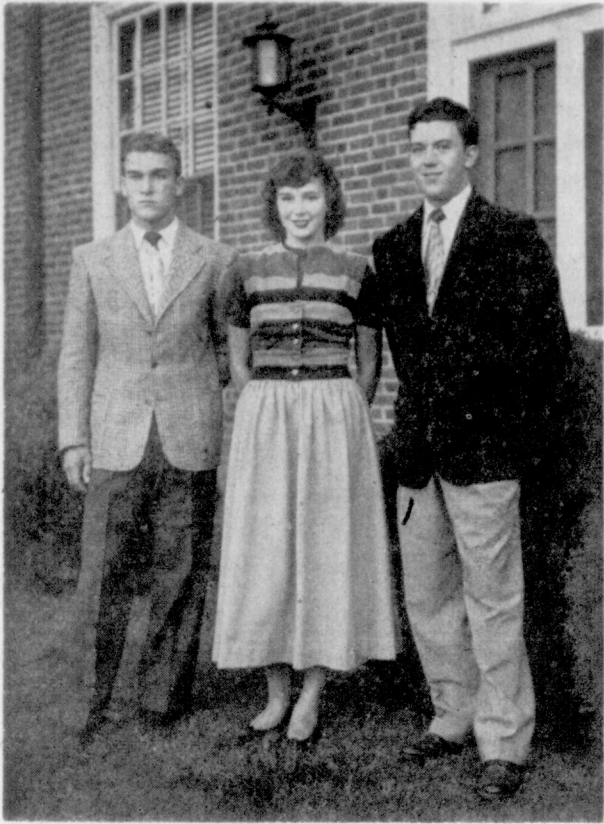
Everyone seemed to enjoy the speaker, and the movies were humorous as well as educational.

—John McKnight

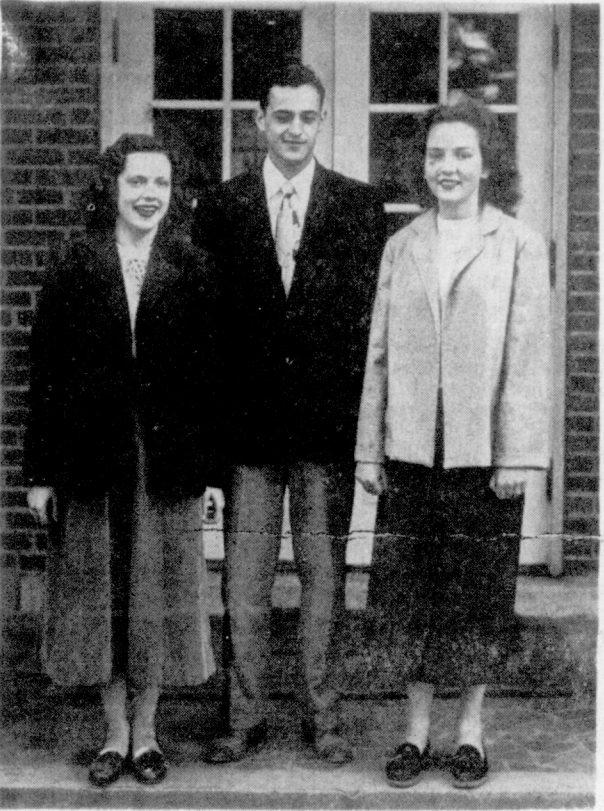
RETREAT

(Continued from page 1)
preciation of the role their clubs and organizations play in the life of the school. Another successful Retreat has passed, but its influence will be felt on the campus for the remainder of the school year.

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE CLASSES ELECT OFFICERS



Sophomore Officers: Jimmy Smith, president; Ann Culbertson, secretary-treasurer; Joe Pevahouse, vice-president.
Below, Freshman Officers: Jackie Smith, reporter; Cavit Cheshier, president; Peggy Jackson, secretary-treasurer.



Scorn from the Men's Dorm

The "Wooden Box". What a name, but it's the truth. The guy down stairs sneezes and the vibrations are felt at the other end of the building. You know how a cardboard box looks after someone has stepped on it; well, that's how this so-called dormitory looks when the south wind blows; however, it is our home for a few months of our lives and it kind of makes an impression on us. To some of us it means a place to study and sleep, but to others it must appear as a fun house or a boxing arena. It seems he who is able to slug his fist through the partitions is supposed to be the man of steel or something, but the fact is the partitions are only an eighth of an inch thick and anyone able to double his fist up could make a hole in the wall.

To some who live here, it appears that this a proving ground for V-12 rockets; at least that is what it sounded like the other night. I heard a long drawn out whistle and then a blast and soon to follow was the smell of burnt gun powder. Someone else liked the idea; they tried a stick of dynamite and were very amused until Mrs. Sharpe came to investigate. I didn't hear the police siren; therefore I take it they talked their way out of it.

Then again we have the soldier group. This group is notorious for showing up on Tuesday nights right after the National Guard meets. All the way from the gym to their rooms can be heard some loud voices counting cadence and the response with their feet as they hit the wooden walks and floors just as hard as they can. This group of soldiers (and I use the word loosely) then proceed to make noise far into the night, but the next day when they battle it out in class they suffer—I wonder if to any avail????

We have a group (the largest) which might be classified as the lovers. Their daily activities include sprucing up with all sorts of perfumes and soaps, in order

that they may appeal to their female smellers. It is really amazing what these boys will do; the careful setting and waving of their hair. I always thought women were bad until I saw a fellow stand in front of a mirror and fuss with his hair for ten minutes. Of course these boys demand that they have a crease in their pants, that they might look super when they walk susie-q over to the girls' dormitory, and consequently spend precious time figuring out a way to press said pair of pants. I've seen pants being pressed on the sides of walls, on the dresser, the table, the floor, the bed, and I even saw one boy press his pants while he was still in them. (Talk about a hot foot. What would you call that!!!)

There is always another group—the group that doesn't do anything but study. That would be a true statement some places, but here it is just one. I've never seen him at the movie, at a dance, or in Martin, but I've never seen him without a book in his hand. If you can't think of whom I am thinking, his initials are B. B. I don't think he has ever had a C and very few B's—all the rest A's. I moved up to the boys' dormitory right across the hall from where he lives, figuring I would be activated by this genius's electrons he passes off when he studies and that maybe I could change a little. I've even left my door open and sat in front of it waiting for some of these electrons of knowledge to jump over on me—no soap though.

I mustn't forget those who visit the local cafes a couple of times a week and come back to roost, but don't roost. All they seem to do is see how corny they can make everyone think they are, start wars, and—oh yes—see how many holes they can make in that thick partition.

Closely related to these Griesedick drinkers are the coke drinkers who love to drop their little nickles into the coke machine and

PATTERSON COTTAGE HAPPENINGS

Many things have been happening in the Patterson house lately. For the first two weeks of college we more or less got acquainted with each other. There are seven of us in the Patterson Cottage. We were all employed by Mrs. Campbell over at the dining hall. Chris Sammons, that's the boy that always wears a smile, has since then quit.

When we moved into the Patterson house, Mrs. Patterson's phone bill went up because of Bill Patterson's phoning Freeman Hall. Bill is the boy who always has an answer for everything, anywhere, any time; just ask Bill; he knows them all, nothing to it, he says.

Well, I do not know what we would do without our old maid Joe Shanklin to clean up our rooms for us and keep us straight. He will make some good freshman farm girl a good husband, busy, either driving "Forty-nine" Fords or visiting Freeman Hall.

Larry Hoffius, the boy with the distinguished look on his face, has been kept busy going to football games.

Ray Spann, the boy who always struggling with Plane Geometry; or having a conference with Mrs. Knepp; I wonder why.

Walter Mischke is one of those boys who cannot find what he wants in Tennessee but has to cross the border into Kentucky. Walter is a preacher's son and you know how that goes.

Well, this winds up everybody except me; most of the time here of late I have been saying my ABC's, mostly B's, that's for Bonnie. Bye, now, see you soon.

—Gerald Stowe

THE VET CLUB

The Veterans' Club held their regular meeting Monday, October 10, 1949, at 7:00 p.m.

Our president, Doyle Tucker, called the meeting to order and read the "riot act" on the use of the Gym for social functions.

The first business, and in fact almost the only business before the club was about our fall social.

Yep, "Gals," this is your chance. Just think, this is your chance to take your best friend's boy friend. Not that I think any of you would do such a thing, but just invite him to the "Sadie Hawkins Party" being given November 5th by the Service Men's Club. Besides that, you might have fun.

The party is for the student body and guests. One member of each couple must be a student. Festivities are from 7:30 to 11:30.

Music will be furnished by Bruce Dyer and his ten-piece orchestra. Mr. Dyer and Band played for the Strata Club this summer.

There will be square dancing as well as social dancing. Maybe a jitterbug number or two. So if you don't dance, come on out and watch someone else get a workout.

This is far from a formal affair, unless one of you wishes to come as Marryin Sam. The most appropriately dressed couple will be crowned Abner and Daisy Mae.

I saved the best till last. The young ladies are to stand the price of admission. Since they may ask their favorite, or someone else's favorite, boyfriend to the dance, they may pay for the privilege. I believe it was agreed that if a fellow had special preference he might loan the young lady six bits, which is the price per couple, if she would invite him to the dance. (Better get a written statement, boys, before you kick through with the cash.)

If someone gets your boyfriend, don't be discouraged. You can go stag for fifty cents and take him away from her at the party. Some of you fellows can come stag too and help us keep these pretty women from fighting.

Yes, there will be chaperones. They are: Mrs. Massey, Mrs. Milton, Mrs. Wishart, and Mr. Fisher. Hope they have a good time too.

Our next meeting will be October 24, but that will not be in time to make this issue of our paper. I hope that covers most of the important items.

Yours truly,
John "Pappy" Yokum"
McKnight

lug coke bottles back to their rooms where they have a full course meal of peanut butter and crackers, sardines, corned beef and what have you laid out ready to be consumed. These boys are much better off than those beer drinkers; however, after they have had their fill, out the door go the empty coke bottles and out the window go the empty peanut jars, corned beef cans, sardine cans, etc. Result? Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Thomas come along and pick up the coke bottles thrown in the halls and the flies come along and pick out the scraps left in the big, ever growing pile of cans on the back side of the men's dormitory.

Did I say men's dorm? I think it should be the boys' dorm. That's at least what a lot of us concluded after we thought what kind of an initiation to give the freshman

THE MOLEHOLE

By MOE

Here's old Moe again batting the breeze from the southeast corner of the Molehole. Well, the rain has gone away, and I haven't got anything to talk about. Aren't you glad?

Come forth all you young bards of the poet's corner and give us contribution. We're starving for literature, that is literature of high quality. We got plenty of this yellow journalism around, but nothing with a twist to it. So bleed will ya!

The pint was raised the other day between a friend and me over the question of marital economy and other things characteristic of holy bond. He took up the question and I took up the pint, but neither of us seem to be gaining in the argument. After a considerably lengthy debate, we decided to seek an authoritative source to settle the question. Because both of us were single, but available however, we decided to talk to someone with experience. Where could we find a better place than the trailer camp? So off we go, he still had the question, and I still had the pint.

After talking to several patriarchs over there, we arrived at several hypothetical theories, which destroyed both the question and the pint. However, here is what we found:

A. Two cannot live as cheap as one.

B. After marriage the flame of love dwindles down to a small blaze until it reaches a minimum state; if properly fueled it will continue to burn, but if neglected at frequent intervals the result may be the death of the flame.

C. Marriage is really all right if you can take it. What is it? We never found out.

D. Marriage is a result of a long, or short association between two people of the opposite sex. (Beware you lovers.)

As a warning to the reader, the above stated should not be taken before or after mealtime; one tablet before retiring. Over dosage may result in nausea, disillusionment, anti-love sickness, maidism, and bacheloretis. The latter two are the most dangerous and occur more frequent from over dosage.

"Where Are You, Now That I Need You," is high on the U.T.J.C. hit parade (census taken by idle listener in the bookstore), and was also heard being repeated over and over in the middle of that 211 English test given last week.

Would anybody care to write a satire on David Meek's love affair? It's good basic material you know.

Without encroaching upon the sports column, I'd like to put in a plug for those rugged individuals on the gridiron. Those guys have really been playing their hearts out. Let's all give them a big hand, uh? So, "Stop angels, hither from the skies! There is no holier spot of ground than where defeated valor lies."

I see the Fire Cracker Brigade has been reorganized, and have started their nightly campaign against the enemy sleep. Every night about eleven is H hour for these gallant gentlemen. They tramp the streets like a pack of famished wolves ready to blast their prey from slumber. I think these playboys have underestimated their time of awakening, for most of us don't go to bed until after midnight. I can't un-

boys. We were going to have "beard week," but then how many could even grow peach fuzz in a week.—Winthrop N. Gutmann

derstand the charge these guys get from their noisy sport, but I suppose it's soothing to their souls, or they wouldn't waste the time and effort.

I suggest they join the army and get assigned to an artillery battalion. I wonder if the boys would like that? At least they'd get a bigger charge out of their explosions.

What has happened to the nightly vendor with the sandwiches? The company must have been operating at a loss.

I predict: Tennessee will take Ole Miss. (Nov. 12, 1949), to the tune of 7 points. Just watch that big Orange roll!

Isn't it nice to have the choice of two movies in town? Just here the other night I heard a group of fellows debating whether to see "Mother Wearing Tights," with Betty Grable, or to go "To the Stable," with Loretta Young. (Here's hoping I don't get sued for libel.)

Everybody in Office Administration is dying to know the words to "The Stars and Stripes Forever," they've heard the tune long enough. Somebody said he even whistled it in his sleep.

I just ran out of breath, and as usual, I forgot to get any at the drug store. It's so high now, days too. Well, the clouds have gathered and I guess old Moe had better retreat to the hole. See ya'll next time.

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UTJC SPORTS

Boost the Vols

Junior Vols Slip Up At Bethel Suffering Another Defeat; Grooms-To-Azbill Passing Combination Clicks Six Times

Playing on a field worse than concrete, lined by a person celebrating a homecoming victory, the Jr. Vols slipped up and let Bethel beat them in McKenzie.

After zigging and zagging over a snaky road to McKenzie and the usual mild form of supper received by athletes before a game, the Jr. Vols went into the game confident of putting on a good show which they did, especially in the last half of the ball game.

While the stands and fans shook and shivered from a crisp autumn night the Jr. Vols and the Bethel Cats were battling it out on the gridiron to what the Jr. Vols hoped would bring the initial victory they have been waiting for to break their losing streak.

After Bethel battled over for their first touchdown, the Vols fought back to the midfield after the kickoff and after a while Fred Welch broke away on a long run to the Bethel two-yard line to set up a possible U. T. touchdown to tie up the game, but the hand of fate intervened as usual and the ball was taken back and U. T. drew an offside penalty to extinguish their try.

Then U. T. set up its passing attack with the Grooms-to-Azbill combination with two 15-yard passes completed straight, only to lose the ball on the next series of downs.

After a while with the ball back in U. T.'s possession, Grooms attempted to hit Welch, only to have his pass intercepted, but on the most amusing play of the game Welch spun in midair and knocked the ball from the interceptor's hands for a ruled incomplete forward pass.

Late in the second quarter, U. T. drove by force to the Bethel one-yard line to be backed up on a penalty and hard charging Bethel line trying to prevent a Tennessee touchdown. With time running out on them, the Vols lost their scoring chance.

The third quarter was strictly defensive for both teams with nothing very exciting happening the entire period.

The fourth quarter was a bang-up from beginning to end. With a score of 30 to 0 and deep in their own territory, the Vols opened up with a series of plays, setting up the touchdown that was carried to pay dirt by Big Charles Bane. The conversion was missed and the score remained 30 to 6. Tennessee kicked off with Fred Bell kicking to the Bethel 10.

Bethel drove deep into Tennessee territory only to have their hopes shattered by the wide awake Mr. Greer who went high into the air to intercept a pass, run it back 30 yards, and stopped Bethel short. The Grooms-to-Azbill combination started clicking again with two twenty-yard passes and a twenty-five-yard pass. With penalties pushing them back, they still drove to the Bethel one-yard line, where for the second time that night time ran out on them.

With Greer and Turner both intercepting passes, one each, it made them look good. Incidentally it was Turner's first game to play in.

Undisputedly the outstanding players of the game were Jimmy Grooms and Billy Azbill who completed six of eight forward passes which is good for anybody's team.

BEHIND THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE

With John Booth

With football and romance under the harvest moon setting the pace for the fall quarter at the U. T. Jr. College, we settle down for another year of hard studying.

Around the football field we see the usual brawny giants that make up a football team and the team up here at the Junior College is no exception.

Marion "Gus" Willhauck seems to like Freeman Hall pretty well, in the form, and what a form, of a devastating blonde.

Though Gus is the Romeo of the Willhauck family, the music and culture-minded Aaron keeps a weather eye open at all times for crows, better known as girls, even if he does swear off them. Girls, it's time this poor boy had someone to sort of watch after him, so someone see if they can't defeat his personality.

"Don Juan" in the form of Billy Keeton can polish up his manners and light up like an electric light bulb with a blush when the girls of the famous "P'tomaine Tavern" share his table.

Jimmy Grooms, you may miss football practice and get away with it but at assembly Mrs. Phillips has your number.

Mr. Bane and Mr. Greer are the two smart men on the squad, because if they get hurt in the line of duty they have good looking wives to take care of them and also to give them a good football diet to go along with it.

Walter Mischke claims his black eye was from a ball game but it's kind of doubtful. There are a few girls around with powerful right hooks. Then W. H. Milligan gets his blackeyes on the field and keeps them for the duration of the season.

Since Charles Willoughby had his shoulder hurt, he has been doubling as manager and getting all of the work done for his "association." But as long as Charles does not mind, why should we?

Managers, you are on so busy on Monday and Wednesday and love to watch the girls Physical Education classes in between (we can readily understand the reason for that though), but who steps fast from 5:30 on in order to make a good impression for the next day. Though you make good managers, there is no demand for good managers, when managers are a dime a dozen.

Mr. Ayres' interest seems to be aroused by the female population when he gets happy and goes to a dance.

If anyone knows Don Hummel's secret ambition, please let us in on it too.

Jimmy Penn's Mongolians are out of his nightmares and running around loose on the campus, and Jimmy looks and calls them constantly; so if anyone sees Jimmy's little friends, be a good Jack or Jill and let him know it. We believe that if Jimmy looked in the mirror when he has that derby on, he would see the nearest thing to a Mongolian he will ever come in contact with.

Looks as if Fred Bell is camping at Reed Hall now and invading Middle Tennessee. Fred is big enough to take care of himself and also has a friend by the name of "Big Brother" to help take care of him in a pinch. How about it, Fred?

Bruce Dyer is quite a ladies' man behind that mask of innocence, especially when he is leading his band. If you girls want a musician in the family, just look up Bruce and see if he will cooperate.

Mr. Robert Ammons, what is this we hear about you doing your roadwork at night in the rain and on a muddy road in rubber boots. It could not be to keep in shape could it, Bob?

Guy Wadley, a good player, a ravishing, handsome (?), ladies' man, seems to have his target for every night picked over in Reed Hall. Guy, you must tell us more about this escapade sometime and if it is the reason why you like Parsons so well.

Meet Billy Brooks, not the one we had last year, but believe it or not another one. Mr. Brooks, tell us, is it by any chance this reason why you have the Memphis Blues? But if you don't want it wrap it up and we will take it.

Billy Azbill, you know, "Old Glue Fingers Gus" in person, seems also to have his eye on a certain chic from Memphis. Please explain your intentions, Azbill.

Gerald "Big Kinch" Kinchen is

Intramurals To Begin In November

Volley ball and soccer will be the featured sports when the U. T. J. C. intramural athletic program for 1949-50 opens sometime in November. Until then the regular gym classes will continue to work on conditioning the prospective intramural players.

Throughout the year there will be competition in 21 sports including the major sports of tag football, basketball, tennis, swimming, track and field, and hockey.

All contests this year, the same as last will be between the eight color teams which are Orange, White, Black, Red, Green, Yellow, Brown and Blue. Last year the White color team won the intramural championship with 616 points, followed by the Yellow's with 596, Brown's with 561, and Green's with 545 points.

There should be keen competition for individual honors in the intramural program. After the selection of the teams there will be eight women captains and eight men captains elected by the team members.

At the end of the year the five leading men and women scorers will be awarded a five-inch T, and the man and woman having the highest total of points will be declared Intramural High Point Scorers. Team trophies also will be awarded in the team sports.

Play will be governed by The Intramural Board which will be made up of the Team Captains, the Directors of Intramural Sports, and the Managers. This board will draft all schedules, decide all protests, rule on eligibility of players, and make all decisions not covered by the rules.

—Bobby Hughes

Facts And Figures Of Women's Sports

"If a bear walks like that I am glad that I am not a bear," someone utters in a weak voice. This may seem to be an odd remark to many people, but to girls in Mrs. Massey's physical education classes it is an everyday saying.

Physical education has unlimited possibilities. We have just finished—with no regrets that it is over—a deep study of nature. Many girls became skilled in doing the rabbit hop, the measuring worm walk, the bear walk, and many other similar feats. Even the duck walk isn't impossible. Most of our study has been limited to animal walks, or hops, or crawls; in other words, we have been doing gymnastics. It has even been rumored that Mrs. Massey gives lessons in belt making and painting. We may be learning one of those arts soon.

Now something new has appeared; the sophomore girls are starting tap dancing, and the freshman girls are working on team games. The girls that live downstairs in the dormitories may be slightly annoyed—I am hoping for the best—by the efforts of some of our poor sophomores who aren't as good at tap as our teacher would wish. It isn't that tap is hard; it is easy as one, two, three—when Mrs. Massey does it. The freshman girls will be playing those team games that everyone likes. Starting with volleyball, they will have different ones during the remainder of the quarter.

Everyone keep an eye on the bulletin board in the gym for a list of the color teams for intramural games. The list should be up soon. In a week or two everyone should be working to make his or her color the brightest for the coming year.—Genella Culver

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I was very glad to see the editorial on the attitude of the "rocking chair" football players. It is getting pretty bad when spectators start booing their own side. Those boys are out there doing as good a job as they can, which is more than can be said of the "sideline" players. Instead of the "sideline" players. Instead of running them down, how about giving them a little support. Keep it up Volette!

Berlyne Holman.

so worried each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday about Mr. Phillips' sociology class that when he finishes the ordeal of sitting dead for the rest of the day.

Billy Seaton seems to have busied himself elsewhere than the city of Martin, wonder where, but in printed statement from Bill, quote, "All of you lucky girls phone my secretary for appointments, and if I can spare my important time from my studying (?) I might find time to give some lucky dame a date, with you paying the bills of course, so phone my secretary at the Boys' Dormitory."

SPORTLINES

By BOBBY HUGHES

(By way of explanation, this column will try to give a brief coverage of sports news, personalities, and stories around the UTJC campus throughout the year.)

VOLS DUE FOR WIN SOON

Right now the No. 1 sport around the country is football. So far this season has been pretty rough for Coach J. C. Henson and the Junior Vols, but when you stop to think that the Vols have only one letterman, those defeats are more understandable. The club has been riddled with injuries nearly all season, too, but the team's spirit is good and they are due for a victory before many more weeks.

Coach Henson, who graduated from Mississippi State University and won four letters in football and three in track, has seen better seasons than the past two years at UTJC. He is starting his 11th year of coaching. Before coming here he coached at University High School in Oxford, Miss., Aberdeen High School, in Aberdeen, Miss., and Southwestern Mississippi Junior College. While at Aberdeen, his eleven was co-champion of their conference.

After the 30-6 loss to Bethel, Coach Henson made a few changes in the Vol lineup, and for the next few games at least these changes will be tried out. The Vols have some players who play only on defense and some players who play only on offense, but there is a generally recognized first and second team.

Co-Captain Robert Ammons, a 165-pound sophomore, from Selmer, Tennessee, and a big, promising freshman in Billy Azbill have been the regular ends most of the way.

Tackle has been held down by Wheeler Whitlow, huge 260-pound sophomore from Savannah, Tenn., on the left side of the line. Right tackle has been shared between big Gerald Kinchen and Bob Thomas, 235-pounder from Savannah. Thomas quit the squad last week and with him went one of the better defensive linemen.

Billy Brooks, 200-pound freshman, has played most of the time at left guard this season and is one of the most promising boys on the team. The only letterman on the team, W. H. Milligan, powerfully built 175-pound-freshman from Union City, has been the regular center, but a painful leg injury suffered in the Athens game has forced him to give way to Fred Bell until he recovers.

The Junior Vol backfield chores have been divided between no less than seven men this season and all are contesting for a regular job. Co-captain Guy Wadley, 165-pound flash from Lexington, is the top quarterback on the team, but he has played some at fullback. He missed the Bethel game entirely due to injuries, but is rounding back in shape and will boost the team considerably. Second team quarterback is Bruce Dyer, a freshman from Union City. Jimmy Grooms, a Greenfield speedster, who is currently regular left-halfback, has also played quarterback.

Fred Welch, rugged little 165-pound freshman who played four years at Parsons, has been a regular all the way at left half and now is at right half.

Three fullbacks are around and able for service. Big 210-pound Charles Bane, from Selmer, who scored the six points against Bethel, and Billy Ayers, 165-pound freshman from Bolivar, have played most.

A boy who might be a terror if he ever gets going is Johnny Brown, a beautifully built 175-pound Chattanooga who won four letters in football, basketball, and track while attending Soddy-Daisy High. He played on the 1942 Soddy-Daisy state championship basketball team. After graduating, he served two years in the Marine Corps where he became an expert in the dangerous Judo wrestling.

Another ex-serviceman in the backfield is Paul Greer, 165-pound freshman from Charlotte, Tenn. Paul played most of the game at left half against Bethel, but he is slowed up now with a leg injury.

In the second team line, Don Hummel, Aaron Willhauck, and John Freeland have worked at end; Paul Zimmerman and Bill Keeton at the tackles; Billy Seaton and Harold Wilson have been at guards; and Fred Bell at center.

TWINS ARE ATHLETES, TOO

Two of the most outstanding all-around athletes ever to land on the UTJC campus are the Willhauck twins from Union City. They are not identical because Marion is a short, thick-shouldered 175-pounder with light brown hair clipped scalp close, and Aaron is a tall 160-pound brunette. The one thing about them which is identical is the fact that both have great athletic records.

At Union City High, Marion won three letters each in boxing and football, one in track, and two each in baseball and basketball. He was an All-West Tennessee basketball guard during the 1948-49 season. Marion won three letters each in football and boxing, and two letters each in track, baseball, and basketball. He was captain of the football team his junior and senior years and captain of the basketball team as a senior.

GIRLS' INTRAMURALS

Watch for these girls to star in the intramural sports when the competition begins in November. First is Janice Gallo-way, popular freshman from McKenzie. She earned three letters on the McKenzie High team which won the West Tennessee championship during 1948-49, winning 30 to 31 games. She is a Junior Vol cheerleader and one of the featured piano players at the Dining Hall.

Other gals with athletic ability are Janice Cude, a sophomore from Rives, Tennessee, who is a good basketball player; Joy Dees, of Memphis, who will help her team in basketball and swimming; and Shirley Carney, a star guard at Dresden where she lettered four years in basketball. She's also good in volley ball. Dot Logan, freshman who played two years at Woodland Mills in Basketball; Jane Covington, freshman from Greenbrier who lettered two years in basketball there; Jo Ann Webb, and Thelma Wade, two freshmen from Paris who played basketball at Grove High.

THIS AND THAT

The Junior Vol cage squad may be boosted this winter if Scott Walker, a 6-foot 6-inch freshman from Dyersburg decides to come out. . . David Turner, who lettered four years at Obion High may also help in basketball, but he is too busy with football now. . . Big Bob Thomas and Wheeler Whitlow played two years together across the line at Savannah. . . Billy Seaton also played with them two years. . . Robert Ammons and Charles Bane lead Vol scoring with 6 points each.

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER, PLEASE?

In the past two weeks, we have heard time and again people saying that they wished they had only a little more time to do something. Well, now they have their wish. Here's what these people would do if there were 25 hours a day instead of 24.

Tommy Readey, dining and dancing.

Betty Forrester, watching birds.

Joe Summers, sleeping.

Martha Hill, I know I'd be going to classes.

Jacque Ing, bragging about Bonicord.

James Williamson, putting in time over at Reed.

Betty Bell, writing to "Daddy."

Dave Brazier, sleeping.

June Steele, likewise.

Martha Mitchell, trying to move quite hours up one hour.

Oak Ridge, in Freeman Hall.

Wilma Stow, recreation.

Jimmy Nance, talking. (How well we know.)

Mary Nell Johnson, cleaning up our room.

Billy Seaton, slipping around.

Katie Harris, flirting with some new boy.

Barney Neergaard, looking at Fireball.

Dot Fortner, I'll give ya' three guesses and the first two don't count.

Lt. Tucker, anything besides studying Botany.

Louise Crawley, composing some hot jazz.

Monteene Anderson, writing to J. L.

Calvin White, fishing.

Janice Cude, sleeping.

Betty Barr, cussin' Trig.

Dickie Cooper, "talking" to Betty Bell.

June Traywick, trying to rid Reed Hall of mice.

Jean Lott, sleeping.

Marion Willhauck, practicing football.

Arlene Reasons, sleeping.

Mary Kathrine Moss, writing to Ferd.

Fred Bell, talking to girls. (yes???)

Betty Rambo, writing Eddie.

Elinor Overton, with Joe (I hope).

Ann Bass, day-dreaming.

Janice Cude, eating (if I could find the food).

Walter Mischke, sleeping.

Well, I guess ya'll see now that everybody would like to do most. That's right—sleep, and if you are fortunate enough to reside on the campus, you more than likely need it.—Fireball

It's A Fact—

By WINTHROP GUTMANN

That—hardly a day goes by but what I don't think of Hiroshima and what the atom bomb did over there and what it could do over here.

Suppose Russia were to organize a group of 100 suicide bombers equipped with one atom bomb apiece, to fly over to the U.S. each one taking a major city and dive to the center of it?

This is what happened at Hiroshima after the bomb exploded—Compare it with your city—it could happen to you!!!

The flash was seen first along with the heat wave; then came the blast. At the center of the explosion there was such a great amount of heat that the sand turned to glass. The heat emitted was calculated as 6000 degrees C (at the center of the explosion.) Flash burns were estimated by the Strategic Bombing Survey to have caused 20 to 30 per cent of the total deaths. People claimed they felt the heat up to 24,000 feet and burns were reported to nearly three miles. Within a mile radius the heat charred corpses beyond recognition. Many were in a shadow and were not burned, but they succumbed within a few days to the gamma rays. Nearly 50 per cent of the population in the congested area were killed. Imagine! Fifty per cent of your friends dead. Do you want that?

If you could only see what Hiroshima looked like after the explosion, I'm sure you would con-



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Future Teachers News

The election of Tommy Readey, president; Jane Simpson, vice-president; Katie Harris, secretary-treasurer; and Luzell Marshall, reporter for the Future Teachers Club officers at the meeting of Monday, September 26, started the club on its way for another year. We would like to urge all of you who are taking education and anyone else that is interested in teaching to join our club. We want to try to make our club one of the most outstanding on the campus.

At the meeting of October 6, plans were made for our social. We also made plans for our radio program which will be the second week in November, education week. Plan to attend the club on November 19.—Luzell Marshall

sider the fact more so. If you are one who has read this article and are thinking of the possibilities, then my efforts will not have been in vain; but, if you are one who has read this and thinks it is funny or that it could never happen here, then let me leave you with these thoughts: (1) There is no real defense against atomic weapons; (2) There are no satisfactory countermeasures and methods of decontamination; (3) There are no satisfactory medical or sanitary safeguards for the people of atomized areas; (4) The devastating influence of the Bomb and its unborn relatives may affect the land and its wealth—and therefore its people—for centuries through persistence of radioactivity.

Think it over—

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